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DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXIX. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1849. WHOLE NO. 1478.

Original Novelet.

THE DESERTED WIFE.

(CONTINUED.)

[WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY EMMA D. E. SOUTHWORTH, AUTHOR OF "EGERTON CASTLE," "THE VALE OF SHADOWS."]

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CHAPTER XLII.

THE LETTER.

"Oh, what a tangled web we weave
When first we practice to deceive."

Scott.

Gentry found himself in his own "cabouse," and opened the letter. Its contents were as follows:

"From Rosalia Aguilar to Sophie Withers.

"My Dearest Sophie:—Long before your eyes follow these lines, the hand that now traces them will have manifested its power over me. With new prospect up in bud, and my pay drops from my hand, and my head falls from the paper covered with—what? Sophie, I am a fool! I took life in my house palpitating, soaking, flattering into death!"—and it must remain. There is a secret that I must leave revealed for you, although for awhile it will not be kept inviolate. Bless me, my dreams. There is a little child whom never knowing sees, you yet love from my description, and from her inquiries are enlightened. Sophie, and my heart, for years to come, shall believe in her kindred claims. That little girl must be cherished for no relation or youth. Listen! this is her history.

"Some ten years ago my master and I took residence almost all things for a child—but when in the passage of time I knew that Heaven had written her childless, he would not have her, and I took without parents, friends or relatives—an orphan from its very birth. Whom I would make all my own—whom I could pass off not only upon the world, but upon myself, as my own child. And my master possibly sensitive upon the subject of my childlessness, and felt my misfortune to be a mortification of which I wished to conceal from every mind. (Now I continue to keep you in ignorance of—from a man whom I love, namely, the wretched of my adopted daughter.)

"Well, Sophie! such a child as I wished to find was not so easily to be discovered; but the more difficult the attainment, the more desirable was the object of my search. I found it, however, finally. I used to drive in my carriage to almshouse, orphan asylums, &c., and became a sort of amateur baby fancier, and at last I found the child that struck my fancy. I never betrayed even to the matron of the institution the object of my interest or visiting them so frequently. I thought it was quite time I should have a child to adopt, and when their report, namely, an eligible child for adoption, should be found. I was at the hotel of visiting them anywhere but between the hours of 1 and 2, for the nurse of being very remarkable, for I had to keep my visits secret from my wife. I gave her into the confidence of the matron and directors, although—long as I did, quite at the opposite end of the city, I never knew—I was not known by my character, as they called them. One day, however, I found the child I wanted, and I took it home, and conducting me into the parlor, told me that the object of my solicitude was found, and that I then gave me the following particulars. That late on the preceding night a woman had been found murdered in a house, hard-headed, and with wild eyes, screaming hair, tattered dress, and frantic gesticulations, she had attracted the attention of the assembled passengers she would answer wildly, and then, as if recollecting herself, would shriek, shout, and scream. At last, after several hours, she brought before a magistrate, who, seeing her intoxicated, ordered the matron, she is a very remarkable woman, to take her into custody, and keep her there for her confinement. Will you see her? I understand that she is now in the very room in which the strangers was placed. She entered a small room apart, and there I saw such a wreck of a human being as I never beheld before. Her rotting dressed upon the foot of the low bed, and there she lay, with her head supported by her arm, and her face buried in the matron's lap, and the matron was stroking her head, and soothing her with words of kindness, which seemed supported her ears, while face, which seemed a fruitful one contrast to the brilliant hair, and the matron's hand, and its pencilled eyebrows, and the whole fresh picture of health and beauty. Her eyes were streaming with tears, and her whole frame was shaken with sobs. She was now weeping—no, not weeping, suffering a hard sentence. I saw it in the sad despair of her attitude, and in the sorrowful expression of her countenance. I felt strongly and most painfully interested in her. I fully believed that she was the victim of circumstances, and not of her own will, and that she was not a bad woman at heart, and probably. I called to talk to her—to learn if possible something to alleviate her sufferings. I found that I never left alone with her, and learn if I could in any manner assist her misfortune. I requested the matron to leave me for a few minutes, to give me this opportunity. She did so, and I went after her; closed the door behind them and entered with the only chair in the room to the side of the bed, and sat down in it near her head. She was sobbing in the same attitude—her face was towards me—she did not notice me.

"'I am sorry to see you looking so unhappy,' said I, softly as I could speak, and watching her closely.

"She did not reply, but I saw the blue lips moving quivering apart, and the white teeth glisten between them.

"'Are you married?' inquired I, after a long, painful pause.

"I immediately regretted my indiscreet question when I saw the effect it had upon her. She rose, while something like scorn kindled in her looks—she raised herself upon her elbow, and as she answered, in a low and measured tone,

"'Do you not perceive that I am married?'

"'I only asked a question,' said I, apologetically. 'And as such as much to benefit her that I confessed again.

"'Can I do anything for you?'

"'Yes!'

"'Tell me what?'

"'You can leave the room!'

"'And I will,' said I, 'certainly, as I do not wish upon any account to add to your discomfort,' and rising, I left the room.

"The matron met me in the gallery, and in commencing upon my account of my interview, was interrupted by a loud shriek from the room I had just left, and the matron, with the slightest intelligence of her past life, her present, or her future conduct.

"I felt distressingly concerned for this woman. I dream now every day to see her. She became so confirmed in my mind's contemplation as connected to me—though her words were variable; sometimes bitter and sarcastic, sometimes so wild and frantic as to make restrained necessary; sometimes she would be subdued, and calm, and sad—I always made no further effort to elicit from her the story of her sorrow, wrongs, or misfortunes. It was evident from every lineament of her clamor face and form, beautiful even in their extreme emaciation and from every tone and gesture in her voice and manner—that from conversant even in her rollercast or fervent mood—that she was a woman of high breeding—that she had fallen from a lofty place.

"But I was not until my pity for the poor creature was changing into love, and the new it, that I could get her to name anything from me, or accept any, even the most delicate, personal service.

"'No,' she would say, with a sardonic smile, 'I will accept nothing; I have a right to my place in the almshouse, because I have helped to build and support these asylums.'

"Pity is allied to love on the one hand, and to contempt on the other; and in proportion as it approaches love, it recedes from contempt. When she saw that the arrogant and offensive element in my pity was gone, she began to grow a little more grateful for the care I was bestowing upon her. Once she said to me, in one of her fits of self-reproach—

"'Oh, another I have been a wanderer on the face of the earth, for months I have never slept under a roof, or eaten anything cooked—the finest food—but I have always had a home and plenty of growth my cheek, its foliage my curtains, the sky its canopy—my fare, my food, and I have been of stars my lights—note and wild-berries my food, water my drink, and the side of some brook my dining-room. I had fled from the cold pity and the colder alum of society to wild nature, the rough bed of earth. And I was the coming of a stiff, severe winter, and the approach of the ground of my nourishment, the desire me again into the bounds of civilization for assistance.'

"'And the child—and Jesse!' inquired I, deeply interested in her most fated conversation. She was not one to caress with—I could only love her into confidence. 'Where is the child? Again she was down clothing, and after soothing, coaxing and caressing her, I learned from her the following facts, of which I was capable, (for it was dangerous to let her think that I considered her a child, or a person to be humored,) that Agnes Aguilar had left her to take a bath, have her combed, and put on clean clothes, and something. It was a light blue suit, warm, French merino that I had brought her, and she hoped to be married after I had left her, and that then I first conceived the idea of bringing her home to my house. It was almost a selfish feeling—I was becoming so attached to the child—so fond of her, she had done so to the extent of enervating my familiar duties. Next day Mr. Aguilar was sended for Liverpool on mercantile business a few weeks previous—it was too late to consult him—and I thought that I could keep the child unknown to him, and ask his permission when he returned. Fearful of starting my wife's jealousy, and of losing her confidence, I did not name my present to her then, but I had purchased all of the clothes I wished for myself and prepared a chamber next to my own—I was so happy and interested in fitting it up—I said to myself, as I superintended the arrangement of the furniture, 'Her emancipated and wanted home will be a paradise to her, and she will be so grateful to me she will sit so nearly in the deep, soft chair,' and my own heart filled with joy at the thought—and then came flowed through every vein, breathing through every pore, dashing as a sponge filling my eyes—I was not prepared for it. I had become deeply interested in preparing baby-linen, and I thought that I was only doing so for the child myself, I will be Pharaoh's daughter, and she shall be my adopted—my own. Mr. Aguilar's long acceptances an evil thought came to me, and, alas, I can see doing all this for—whom?—a fallen and guilty woman, degraded—lost!' And I then paid as the middle of the floor aghast at the sudden thought that flashed upon me. I knew—I saw that Mr. Aguilar might say to this contemplated act what he would not say to it if it were done. I was one

..., very late, when Gusty returned to ... that he found a difficulty in hiring a ... take him thither. On his way, while ... among the numerous shipping, he saw one ... craft so remarkable for its elegance, that he could not fail to notice it; he saw the sailors very busy on the deck.

"That is a beautiful little bark," he said to the boatman.

"Si, signore; she is the Compensation, bound for Baltimore, with the first tide to-morrow; they say a lady had her built; and that she carries away a band of German emigrants."

They were now by the side of the Rainbow, and Gusty, who in his relapse of abstraction had perhaps missed the latter clause of the boatman's speech, paid his fare, and hastily sprang on board.

(CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

Original Sketches.

MEN AND THINGS IN ENGLAND.

BY D. W. BARTLETT.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

The new House of Lords is one of the finest interiors in Europe. I remember the impression it made on me when I first entered it by the way of the Stranger's Gallery. The sight was gorgeous, and for the moment I fancied that I was gazing at a scene in the "Arabian Nights." The building is large, and wears an air of dignified grandeur; the light steals into it through beautifully painted windows, the throne dazzles one with its splendor, and the walls are one mass of solid beauty. No one can get into the House without an order from a Peer, and as the Peers are difficult of access, as a natural consequence, strangers find it no easy matter to see the interior of the House. I chanced to be fortunate, and secured an order from the Earl of Jersey, with which I got an entrance into that body of great minds, distinguished noodles, and unprincipled despots. As I passed through the bands of the several lacqueys in waiting, I could not help contrast everything I saw with corresponding things in America. There all was pomp and circumstance; the House of Lords was guarded as if from an army of enemies; every lacquey looked at me as if he expected that I wore concealed weapons with which to shoot some of the dignified nothings within the building. I found that it was only by "putting on airs" that I could secure civility, and when I had adopted a sufficient amount of impudence, they thought me some scion of the nobility, perhaps, and paid me every attention. Here, in this country, a stranger quietly enters our National Hall of Representatives or Senate, without any nonsensical bustle, writing of orders, or passing through lines of policemen; he stays as long as he pleases, comes and goes according to his will. In real, simple dignity, the British House of Lords will not compare for a moment with the United States Senate. I am sure of this—it is not because my prejudices are American that I say so, but from candid conviction. Our Senators must be talented men, or they never could have secured the votes of their constituents; but in the House of Lords that qualification is gone, for it is hereditary. A Peer takes his place there not because he is talented, great-minded or statesmanlike, but because he was born to that position. Of course fools are exactly as likely to be born Peers as peasants, and rather more so, any one would say who had watched both classes of the human family.

When I entered the House, the Earl of Winchelsea was speaking upon some insignificant question; as he sat down, I noticed that the Peers began to grow noisy, talking incessantly and sometimes loudly. The confusion increased, and in the hands of several were damp sheets, just from the newspaper press. Soon the secret came to us in the gallery:—*the King of the French had abdicated his throne!* Consternation was pictured on every face except mine; I could not restrain my enthusiastic joy. It was a scene for a painter; the proud despots seemed for a moment to catch a sight of the retribution that is in store for them for their wicked usurpations. For, salve it over as we may, the system of hereditary rights in England is not merely impolitic, it is base injustice on the part of those who advocate and insist by physical force upon it. There are few intelligent men in Great Britain who are not perfectly aware of the injustice of the system, but not one who dares to express his thoughts, and so a body of dotards continue from year to year to make laws for the English people, without any rights except those of birth. The really talented men of the House, the statesmen and the far-seeing, are plebeians, who, for their talents, have been raised to their present position by the nobility, who feared their influence upon the people if left with them. Here lies a great secret connected with English Reforms. *The nobility rule by bribes.* When a Harry Brougham waxes too warm in his eloquence for the rights of the people, he is offered a Peerage, a seat upon the Woolsack, and plain, glorious Henry Brougham becomes Lord Brougham, and is sold to the nobility.

Arthur Wellesley, from a young plebeian, with a heart naturally loving liberty, becomes the Duke of Wellington—a drivelling despot and traducer of the people. Talents and genius seem not to have the power to withstand the temptation of bribes. Place and preferment blot out conscience, and gold makes right appear to be wrong. So it has been in Britain for ages, and so it is now to a certain extent.

There are not many really great men in the House—more are great by position than by the possession of talents or genius. But there are some statesmen there, men of truly great intellectual powers and capacities. There is Lord Brougham, the once great statesman, the Duke of Wellington, distinguished as the conqueror of Napoleon, Lord Campbell, the jurist, lawyer and statesman, the Marquis Lansdowne, a man of enlarged views, the Earl of Carlisle, formerly Lord Morpeth, a generous, liberal and candid statesman, Earl Grey, who has few superiors in the world, and among the Bishops, Norwich (since I was there deceased) Henry of Exeter, and a few others. There is really talent in the House of Lords, but there are there men who are no more fit to act as legislators than so many fools, and what is worse, this class constitutes the large majority. And what talent there is, is so drilled into the misty tactics of the dark ages, is so imbued with the idea of the divine right to rule, as to completely spoil it as far as any humanitary use is concerned.

Lord Brougham has been the greatest man of the House, and is now looked upon by strangers with more interest than any other Peer. He is now only a wreck of what once was almost awfully beautiful. He is now but a shadow of the great, the powerful and the invincible Harry Brougham. The shadow and the mere wreck have, however, their charms for those who have once admired the eloquent advocate of the people's rights. But it is painful to gaze at such a man, to remember how like an archangel he once stood with the nation's praises like smiles of Heaven covering his forehead, with the whole world's heart beating in unison with his, with tyrants everywhere quivering at the sight and sound of his eagle eye and rich, manly voice, *and now*, with the world all against him, this people's curses haunting him, with tyrants caressing him, and he a poor broken-down, drivelling despot! I think I never saw a sadder sight. In his personal appearance Lord Brougham is very eccentric. He is of medium height, has a head as irregular as a blacksmith's anvil, wears short hair, his eyes are a kind of cold gray, his nose is singular, and altogether he is one of the queerest looking fellows that ever made laws for a nation. His mouth, eyes and nose, seem to be all in a heap—there is no beauty nor regularity about them. His forehead is compact and large ...

[...]

DEATH IMPUTED TO STARVATION UNDER HOMŒOPATHIC TREATMENT.

The following singular account is from a London paper of the 10th ult. Mr. H. M. Wakley, is we believe, a son of the well known M. P., Coroner for one division of Middlesex, and proprietor of the Lancet:

Last evening, at five o'clock, Mr. H. M. Wakley, Deputy-Coroner for Middlesex, and a jury of inhabitants of St. Pancras, assembled for the third time, at the Perseverance Tavern, William Street, Hampstead Road, to conclude their inquiry concerning the death of Mr. Richard David Pearce, aged thirty-four, an upholsterer, late of No. 86 Mary Street, alleged to have been starved to death, whilst under the homœopathic treatment for cholera, adopted by his brother, Mr. Charles Thomas Pearce, an unqualified homœopathic practitioner, residing at No. 3 Taunton-Place, Regent's-Park.

The accused was present throughout the proceedings, accompanied by Mr. Dowding, his solicitor, and the inquiry excited throughout the neighborhood a great deal of interest, especially amongst the medical profession. The following is an epitome of the evidence.

Mrs. Jane Pearce, widow of the deceased, deposed that he was taken ill with diarrhœa and spasms of the stomach, on Saturday, the 8th ult. On Sunday morning, the 9th, Mr. Harris, surgeon, of Gower Street, was sent for, and on arriving pronounced deceased to be laboring under cholera. Mr. Harris saw him three times that day, and gave him medicine, and Mr. Charles Thomas Pearce, the accused, came the same evening. When he came, he said he should take deceased under his own care, and she believed he dismissed Mr. Harris. He told her he had taken his brother out of Mr. Harris's hands, and he then gave him a powder, giving her strict injunctions not on any account to give deceased anything to eat or drink excepting ice water and the medicines he sent. The deceased was under his treatment for ten days previous to his death, which took place on the 18th of September. During the whole of that period Mr. Pearce, the accused, refused to allow him to have anything to eat. Deceased continually craved for food, and when she appealed to the brother about it, he said if she gave him food she would kill him, and therefore she was afraid to do so. Deceased was continually crying for food, and complained that he was being starved to death. She sent for Mr. Davis, another surgeon, on the evening of the 17th, because her husband became much worse. She did give him some beef-tea and some arrow-root, and the day before he died some toast. He was sick more than three times. He did not get any better under his brother's treatment.

Mr. James Davis, surgeon, of Ampthill-Square, deposed that he was called to see deceased on the evening of the 17th ult., and found him in a very low and exhausted condition, apparently for want of nourishment. Deceased was sensible, and told him he had been starved to death by the homœopathic system of medical treatment. He ordered him some brandy and water, and sent him medicine, and when he saw him on the following morning, the 18th, he was dying. Could not say that he considered him laboring under cholera when he first saw deceased. On examining the body he found it much emaciated. The liver, kidneys, lungs, and right side of the heart were congested. The stomach was healthy, but all that was found in it was a small quantity of liquid matter of a brown color, which, on being tested, proved to contain a slight portion of arsenic. In witness' opinion the cause of deceased's death was exhaustion from want of food. Was informed that all deceased had had in the shape of food was a little beef-tea and some arrow-root. Considered such treatment enough to kill and exhaust any man.

The inquiry was ultimately adjourned till last evening, Mr. Harris, who first attended the deceased, being out of town; and on the re-assembling of the jury—

Mr. Harris was sworn—Finding that the brother of the deceased professed the doctrine of homœopathy, and that he wished deceased to be treated under that system, he told him he could not act in concert with him, and at his request he then gave the care of deceased over to him. He could not say that deceased died of Asiatic cholera. He had cholera when he (Mr. Harris) saw him, and he treated him for it. He did not give up the case because it was hopeless. Having heard the whole of the evidence read over, Mr. Harris said he certainly considered the deceased had not sufficient food to sustain life. On the contrary, he (witness) ordered strong beef-tea, arrow-root, brandy and water, and solids, if he could take them.

Mr. Dowding, on the part of the accused, proposed to call Dr. Epps, Dr. Kelsall, and other professors of the homœopathic system who were present, and who, he said, would prove that the treatment of the deceased was skilful and proper.

Dr. Kelsall was sworn—He said he was a professor of homœopathy, and had formerly been a surgeon in the navy. He had had many cases of Asiatic cholera under his care, and he considered the treatment pursued by the accused proper. It was his firm conviction that it was highly improper to give food in case of cholera. No food whatever should be given from the moment of attack until the patient is convalescent. He had patients under his own care without food for a longer period than deceased, and he considered it certain death to give a patient any food whatever. To give a patient laboring under cholera, arrow-root, you might as well give him sawdust. He had had one hundred patients under his care, within the last two months, and had lost only ten.

Mr. Dowding wished to call Dr. Epps to corroborate this statement, but the jury declined hearing him.

The Coroner, in summoning up the evidence, said it was the opinion of the most eminent and educated in the medical profession, that the system of homœopathy was a species of humbug and quackery, not founded on medical science. It had been proved that the deceased had died from exhaustion, from want of food, and the question was by whose influence the food had been withheld. The Coroner then cited the judgment of Lord Lyndhurst and several other Judges; showing that if a medical man, whether qualified or not, treated a person unskilfully, and death ensued, he was guilty of manslaughter.

After two hours' deliberation the jury returned a verdict of Manslaughter against Charles Thomas Pearce, who was at once committed to Newgate on the Coroner's warrant.

Mrs. Partington Again.—"When will the Father of Waters come along!" asked Mrs. Partington, as she sat looking at Stockwell's Panorama, in the last hour of its exhibition. "The Father of Waters!" replied the individual addressed, "why this is it that you see before you." "Goodness me! is it?" said she, "why I've digested my specs to look arter a big man with the dropsy, and its nothing but a river, arter all. How I wish they'd call things by their right names." There was something of disappointment in the tone; but when, afterwards, she remarked to herself "I wonder if that water will wash!" it was a beautiful tribute from Benevolence to Genius.

Clippings.

☞ Mrs. Kemble's first night at Pittsburg was attended by so large an audience, that the sale of tickets had to be stopped at the door. The price of admission was 50 cts.

☞ In Lower Canada there are five Annexation prints—among them the Montreal Herald, once the most ultra-royal paper in the Province.

☞ One by one, the ladies are assuming all the ...

[...]

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1849.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TO POSTMASTERS.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the Mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so. We think there need be no great difficulty in getting subscribers to the enlarged paper, as those who will take the trouble to compare it with the other weekly papers, cannot fail to perceive that it outshines all competition. Let it be remembered, also, that *the postage is just the same on a first class paper, as on the meanest and poorest of the small reprints.*

NOTICE.

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State as well as of the town in which they live.

Post Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address when they can do so conveniently.

THE DESERTED WIFE.

Much to our disappointment we shall not be able to finish "The Deserted Wife" the present week. Next week, however, without fail (God willing) we shall bring this powerfully written and deeply interesting novelet to a close. Then for "fresh fields and pastures new."

FOREIGN NEWS.

The most important news from abroad since our last is that of the dissolution of the French Ministry. We interpret it as follows.

A question has naturally arisen in France under the workings of the Constitution, as to whether the President occupies a position similar to that of the American Executive, or whether he is a mere automaton to be governed by his Ministry, like Queen Victoria.

It appears evident that the late French Cabinet were decidedly of the latter opinion—and a difference of sentiment existing between Louis Napoleon and his constitutional advisers upon the Roman Question, and the National Assembly having sustained the latter by a decisive vote, they came to the conclusion that the President ought to conform his private opinion to their judgment. But Louis Napoleon, with a decision for which we give him credit, resolved not to allow his office to be shorn down into that of a mere puppet without a struggle, and therefore dismissed his ministry, appointed a new one, and appealed to the National Assembly and the People. The following extract from his message to the Assembly, corroborates the view we have taken:

In order to strengthen the Republic, menaced by anarchy from so many sides; to insure order more efficiently than has been done up to the present time; to maintain abroad the name of France at the elevation of her renown, men are needed, who, animated by a patriotic devotedness, comprehend the necessity of the single direction of a firm character, and of a clearly defined policy, which does not compromise power by irresolution; of men, whose minds are as much filled with the conviction of *my peculiar responsibility as of their own*, and of the necessity of action as well as words—(great agitation.)

For nearly a year I have given many proofs of self-denial in order that there might be no misunderstanding with regard to my real sentiments. Without rancor against any individual or against any party, I have allowed men of the most contrary opinions to arrive at power, but without obtaining the happy result which I expected from that arrangement. In place of effecting a fusion of different shades of opinion, *I only arrive at a neutralization of force.*

The unity of views and intentions was interfered with, and the spirit of conciliation taken for weakness. Scarcely had the dangers of the street been got over, when the ancient parties were seen again to elevate their colors, revive their rivalries, and alarm the country by rousing disquietude.

In the midst of this confusion, France, uneasy because she cannot see any guiding hand, seeks the hand and will of the elected of December the 10th. But that will cannot be felt unless there be entire unanimity of ideas, of views, and of convictions between the President and his ministry; and unless the Assembly itself joins in the thought of the nation as expressed in the election of the Executive ...

[...]

MISS KIMBERLY.

This lady closed her readings at the Sansom Street Hall, in consequence of the pre-engagement of the room, after having read the following plays: "The Tempest," "Romeo and Juliet," "Hamlet," and "As You Like It,"—Romeo and Juliet being repeated on Saturday morning last.

We have spoken of the reading of "The Tempest," and "Romeo and Juliet." Of the reading of "Hamlet," and "As You Like It," we think very favorably. Both pieces were read on the whole in a very spirited and effective manner—and added to our high opinion of Miss K.'s powers.

Miss K. came before our citizens, however, under very great disadvantages. In the first place she was "of Connecticut," when of right she should have been, in order to succeed, of England,—or, else, had the applause of English critics to herald her coming. Persons who swallowed Mrs. Kemble whole, and did not presume to criticise even the point of her slipper, felt themselves at perfect liberty to set their microscopic eyes in judgment upon the performance of a mere American, as yet unknown to fame. Miss K. reads with somewhat of a New England accent, and occasionally mispronounces a word—such deficiencies were perfect god-sends to these small-potato critics. The fine conception of character, the skilful management of the voice, the beautiful play of the features, the grace and appropriateness of the action, all were lost, to such minds, behind the small and easily corrected deficiencies to which we have alluded.

That Miss K., if she had devoted herself to the stage, and had appeared before a London audience, would take rank with the first class of performers, by the side of Mrs. Kemble and Miss Cushman, we have not the smallest doubt. In such characters as Rosalind, Beatrice and Juliet, she could not but succeed splendidly. But we do not think that readings of Shakspeare will ever, as a general thing, be popular. Mrs. Kemble succeeds because she is Mrs. Kemble—because she has a high reputation as an actress, because the public has become interested in her private history, and because she is therefore the fashion. But if Mrs. Kemble were unknown to fame, and were to read Shakspeare with all the ability that she at present manifests, she would not be able to draw ten persons to hear her where she now draws a hundred.

CHEAP POSTAGE.

It is stated that the Postmaster General intends recommending to Congress a reduction of letter postage to the uniform rate of five cents. A reduction to *three* cents, it is said, is believed by him entirely practicable, if the franking privilege were abolished. We care not so much ourselves for the burden of the franking privilege, as we object to the saddling the Post-Office with the expense of it, and then demanding that the Postmaster General shall make both ends meet.—Either let the Treasury be charged with the postage of members of Congress, &c., and the Post-Office be duly credited, or else the Post-Office receipts be no longer required to pay the expenses.

Mr. Collamer is said to be also desirous of increasing the facilities for circulating newspapers and other periodicals—but what reduction he contemplates recommending in this respect, we are not informed. One cent appears to us as *high* a postage as ought to be charged upon any paper, even though carried from Maine to Texas. In fact it is the part of wisdom to encourage the circulation of papers to the remotest portions of the Union—the mind of the North is thus brought into contact with the mind of the South, that of the East with that of the West, and local asperities are removed, and the bonds of the Union strengthened. For this reason it is very unwise in our opinion to make a distinction in the postage within and without a State—the government of the Union should encourge and not discourage the circulation of papers and periodicals in other States than those in which they are printed. So far as it localizes itself, it is false to its own spirit.

Before we conclude, we may state that one measure in particular, is earnestly desired by the publishers of all the Eastern cities, and doubtless by those of the West also; we mean, the re-establishment of the draft system, to prevent the frequent losses of small amounts sent by mail. The system of drafts was just beginning to be properly understood by the Postmasters throughout the country, and to be useful, when it was abandoned. Its reestablishment, *under as simple forms as possible*, is earnestly desired by publishers in general, and from the known business ability of the present Postmaster General, they anticipate no difficulty in convincing him not only of the expediency, but of the absolute necessity, so to speak, of the measure in question.

THOSE PARDONS.

A correspondent of the "North American" asserts that Judge Parsons's serious charges against Governor Johnston that he has abused the pardoning power vested in him, are unfounded.—We await in the patience the Governor's vindication—and shall be delighted to find it a successful one, for we value highly the good reputation of the Executive of our native State.

In the meantime, we must say that we dissent altogether from the following which we find in the North American:

[...]

TIGRE ISLAND.

We see it stated that "Mr. Squier, the U. S. Charge to the Central American Republics, *having received information of the intention of the English to seize the Island of Tigre*, belonging to Honduras, and commanding the entire Pacific coast, has negotiated a treaty with Honduras, by which that Island is ceded to the United States." By Mr. Squier's circular it would appear that the island has only been ceded for a short time—the language of the circular is, "for the time pending constitutional action upon an existing convention between the two Republics." The following is an extract from the circular in question:

I have also the honor to add, that the United States has acquired interests in the western islands and coasts of Honduras, which will not permit her to look with indifference upon any measures which shall affect the present order of things in that quarter.

The administration appears to be acting with great energy in the administration of our foreign affairs. We like this—only we depend upon Mr. Clayton to get us into no quarrels where we shall be on the wrong side. Things look very much as if we should have a sharp brush with Great Britain—on paper—before long.

A PREDICTION.

I would not be a king in 1848; I would not be a grave-digger in 1849; I would not be a soldier in 1850; I would be either, in 1851.

The above singular prediction, which by some has been attributed, we know not how truly, to the celebrated Lorenzo Dow, so far has been fulfilled as nearly as the most sceptical could require. When has there been such a year for kings to quake in as 1848; and when so much occupation for the grave-digger as the cholera and wars of the present year have furnished! While a general war in Europe seemed imminent on account of the outrageous demand of the Czar upon the Sultan, the prediction in relation to 1850, seemed also very probable of fulfilment. Now, it seems less probable—but another steamship may bring us news that that great volcano, Europe, is once more on the very verge of an eruption, waiting but the word "to cry havoc and let slip the dogs of war." But by 1851, if we may trust the prediction, all shall be over, and a new era be fairly entered upon. Green then shall grow the grass over the grave of the soldier, and nature write the blessed words of peace with flowers thereon.

CONSOLIDATION.

We are glad to find that the people of Philadelphia will not be satisfied with the tinkering up of the police system, as proposed by the City Councils. No, let us have a consolidated government—one government for one city. The common objection that is urged relative to the debts of the various districts, is more plausible than substantial. The only persons that a consolidation could in this respect much effect, would be large property holders, and the property of such is generally distributed between the city and the districts, and therefore they would gain as much one side, as they would lose on the other. Let the debts be assumed by the consolidated government, and no one will really suffer by the change. Then let the elections be by wards, and no party can complain—for each will have what it is fairly entitled to, a representation according to its numbers. Away with the child's play of a police system, and give us a united Philadelphia.

CALIFORNIA.

The private letters from California are as variable as usual. Some of the adventurers have made money—others, the majority, perhaps, have not bettered their condition. To some, letters have come, filled with the mournful news that the young adventurer has been stricken down before reaching the land of hope and promise. God be with these latter, and comfort them in their sore affliction!

Our Correspondents

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

[This letter should have been published of rights some weeks ago—much of its news is now old, but we have thought its contents notwithstanding, worthy a place in our columns.]

To a genuine New Yorker there is no season more delightful than the few weeks succeeding the first of September. Then *the town* returns from its Summer rambles, and is again to be seen in Broadway, the front blinds "above Bleecker," are thrown hospitably open, the door-plates brighten, and friends and circles long parted, meet in pleasant reunions and compare notes, and over all the retiring sun of the Indian Summer sheds its golden rays and its genial warmth. This is really the beginning of the New York year which lasts only until the first of July or of August, when there is a universal suspension of hostilities—the gay and business world treats itself to a vacation, which by this time becomes indispensable to its over-wrought energies.

Life is measured by the number of thoughts, emotions and sensations experienced, and hence there is an intensity of action in these mental processes, that it is impossible to resist. Like atmospheric influences, or like that subtle and ...

[...]

... soon, and later in the season probably Washington also.

Among the new books lately published none has been met with such a cordial reception as Lieutenant Wise's Los Gringos. This title is the epithet used in California and Mexico to designate the descendants of the Anglo-Saxon race, and as the author informs us, is somewhat equivalent to that of *green-horns*, among us. The *Literary World* says very truly, that "as far as concerns the author, *never* was the epithet more misapplied, for whether on ship or ashore, chasing the wild deer or being chased by the grizzly bear, shooting brigands or dancing fandangoes, swimming with the Sandwich Island girls or "doctoring" interesting young ladies in fits, he is equally *au fait* and at home. The reader dashes through the book without winking, from the weighing of the anchor in Boston harbor till its fall again in the waters of the Chesapeake.

Of literature and authors, of art and artists, of the internecine war between the International and the American Art-Union, and various other matters of interest, I shall speak in my next. In the meantime, if you find my letter dull, I beg you to believe that *there is a reason for it*.

A. C. L.

New Publications.

Sketches from the Life of Dan Rice. *For sale by Taylor, Canning & Co., Philadelphia.* In common with other distinguished men, Dan Rice, the noted clown, has friends and admirers who feel an interest in his fortunes. The following extract throws some light upon the means taken by that arch impostor, Joe Smith, to keep up the delusion of his followers. In the course of his adventures, Dan Rice visits Nauvoo:

DAN RICE AT NAUVOO.

Nauvoo was then in its palmy days, and near 10,000 souls were held in spiritual subjection by the Prophet. Here Mr. Rice rightly calculated was an abundant field for his labors, arguing reasonably enough, that in a community where the transparent pretexts of Joe Smith were swallowed with avidity, his apparently superhuman accomplishment might make him "some pumpkins," particularly as the lucky thought occurred to him, that, in juxtaposition with Joe himself, they would make a pretty strong team together. Full of these views on arriving there, his first move was for a close confab with Joe Smith, who readily grasped at a chance for a new miracle, now that his old dodges had become somewhat stale, and his flock thirsting for some new manifestation of divine partiality. He easily yielded to Dan's terms for the co-partnership, which involved an equal distribution of the spoils which might arise from the connection, and which it was not hard to demonstrate to such an ingenious raiser of the wind as Joe, could be made something handsome. Our hero did not demur to the stipulation that the *eclat* should redound to the sole use and behoof of the Prophet. Joe was too old a bird to be caught with chaff, in entering into this compact without testing Dan's prowess in his back yard. Here his two horses were indeed unable to dislodge the Samson from a work bench, upon which he had hastily fastened himself; or to break with a sledge, the back door stone step, which, with the assistance of his wife, he managed to place on Dan as he extended himself on all fours backwards. The Prophet was in ecstacies, by no means lessened by our hero's catching up the tongs, as he again entered the room, and after taking off his coat, bending it in a semi-circle across his naked arm. This last Dan threw in for effect, and Joe and his wife, in alarm, began to intercede for the safety of the rest of the furniture in the house, not doubting but that he could pull the building down about their heads. Here was a California mine for Joe, out of which he trusted to be able to replenish his exhausted treasury, impose a tax in a less obnoxious form than direct contributions, and rivet his hold on the blind confidence of the public, in a manner that would thereafter make it blasphemy to question his direct communication with the Almighty.

In two hours, as might have been expected with two such able projectors, their plans were matured. It was noised about that the morrow would bring about a new and still more imposing evidence of the Prophet's divine endowments; that poor wayfarer had been guided by the spirit to go to him and say: "Behold your unworthy servant! the spirit admonished me at divers times and in sundry places to proceed to the Prophet of the faithful and submit myself to his guidance.—Moreover, the spirit commands me to say: In me shall be fulfilled miracles, and whatsoever thou commandest thy servant to do, even to the performance of acts impossible to man, it shall be done!" The Prophet himself proclaimed from the foot of the Temple, which had already progressed above its foundations, that at 12 o'clock next day this emissary from the Almighty would appear as an humble instrument for the manifestation of divine power, to encourage the faithful in their labor on the Temple, and that all the city on such a memorable occasion, should contribute each 25 cents, (Dan here nudged Joe's elbow, saying, "Children half-price, tell 'em, Children half-price,") towards the construction of our Holy Palace. Children too, he added, after a little hesitation, might be imbued with a holy spirit, upon the contribution of 12½ cents, by being present at these miracles.

[...]

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

SATURDAY, Nov. 17, 1849.

REMARKS—We have but little change to notice in the market during the past week. The supplies of Breadstuffs are increasing as the time for closing Canal navigation approaches, but prices continue nearly stationary. Money continues abundant for all commercial purposes, and the Banks are discounting most of the short paper offering. Exchange on England has declined to 109¾a110.

Among the exports from Philadelphia to foreign ports during the week ending the 16th inst. we notice the following articles:

Bark, hhds,	166	Flour, bbls,	5,809
Cotton, bales,	40	Rye Flour, bbls,	740
Beef, bbls,	118	Corn Meal, bbls	3,635
Pork, bbls,	289	Wheat, bush,	34,534
Rice, tcs,	76	Corn, bush,	9,461

FLOUR AND MEAL—The Flour market has been dull and inactive during the past week, but prices continue nearly stationary; sales of 6a7,000 bbls common and good brands at $5a5,12½, but principally at $5 per bbl—for city consumption prices range from $5 to 5,62½ per bbl as in quality. Rye Flour is steady at $3, at which about 700 bbls have been taken. Corn Meal is dull—sales of 2,000 bbls at $3 for Pennsylvania, and about $3,12½ for Brandywine.

The quantity of Flour and Meal inspected during the week ending 16th inst. was as follows:

Wheat Flour	bbls	15,366
do.	half bbls	170
Rye Flour	bbls	759
Corn Meal	bbls	2,788
do.	hhds	17

GRAIN—The receipts of Wheat have been large—but, with an active demand, both for shipment and grinding, prices are well maintained; sales of near 45,000 bushels, good and prime red at $1,06a1,07, and white at $1,11a1,13 per bushel. Rye is scarce; small sales of Pennsylvania at 63c. Corn is dull, and prices have declined 2c per bushel; sales of 12a15,000 bushels good old yellow at 63; some inferior at 61c; and 4,000 bushels weevily at 60c; new Corn is unsaleable—1,500 bushels sold at 50c. Oats are in limited demand, but prices have not varied; sales of 10,000 bushels Southern at 28a31, and Pennsylvania at 35c per bushel.

PROVISIONS—The demand for Pork is limited, but prices are firm; small sales of Mess at $10,50a10,75. Prime is held at $8,75. Sales of city packed Mess Beef at $13,50. Bacon is dull—sales of Hams in lots at 7½a11c. Sides at 5¼, and Shoulders at 4½c per lb. Lard has been in limited demand. Sales at 6¾a7 cts in bbls and kegs. In Butter and Cheese no change.

AMERICAN FABRICS—The sales are limited at steady prices.

BARK—Quercitron continues in good demand; sales of 150 hhds No. 1 at $40 per ton.

BEESWAX—Small sales of good Yellow at 21c per pound.

CANDLES—Are in limited demand at previous rates.

COAL—The demand for shipment continues limited, and vessels are scarce; we quote Schuylkill White Ash at $3,62½, and Red Ash $4, although some dealers have made sales for cash at a decline on these rates. Lehigh Lump commands $3,75, and Broken $3,87½ per ton—cargo sales of Allegheny Bituminous Coal at 16c per ...

[...]

United States SATURDAY POST.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1849.

TERRIBLE EXPLOSION.

By telegraph from New Orleans, we have the following account of one of the most terrible steamboat explosions that it has ever been our lot to chronicle:

NEW ORLEANS, Nov. 16—A. M.

One of the most disastrous steamboat accidents that ever took place at this port, occurred about 5 o'clock last evening. The magnificent, first class boat Louisiana, was putting out from the levee, bound to St. Louis, just as the steamers Storm and Boston were coming in from above.—The boats were side and side, the decks of all three were crowded with passengers, at the moment when a tremendous explosion took place on board the Louisiana—*both boilers having bursted, shivering the boat literally to atoms*—ripping and tearing the other two boats, and carrying upwards of 150 human beings to their last account, without a moment's warning. Simultaneous with the terrible explosion came a wild shriek, which sent a thrill of horror to the stoutest hearts. As the smoke and steam cleared away, a scene was presented to the eye, of which I can scarcely form a conception. The shattered boats, the shrieks of the wounded, the struggles of the drowning, and the groans of the dying, appalled, and, for a moment, paralyzed all who witnessed it. *Human arms, legs and heads were scattered in every direction, and the levee was strewn with the dead and dying!*

In a short time thousands of persons were collected in the vicinity of the melancholy scene, and nothing was left undone to afford relief to the unfortunate sufferers.

This morning, the levee is crowded with our citizens, and every effort is being made to recover the bodies of those blown into the river. Already fifty dead bodies have been recovered. It is supposed that at least *one hundred and fifty lives were lost by this dreadful disaster!* A large number are mangled and scalded in the most horrible manner. I have not been able, amidst the confusion which prevails, to obtain anything like a reliable list of the names of the killed or wounded, but will endeavor to send you a despatch containing more full particulars, this afternoon or in the morning.

The Louisiana sunk a few minutes after the disaster. It is unknown what led to the explosion. It is supposed that the engineers and firemen were killed, as they have not been seen since the accident.

NEW ORLEANS, Nov. 17—A. M.

Captain Kennon, of the steamer Louisiana, has been arrested, and held to bail in the sum of $8,000. The explosion having been attributed to carelessness, a searching investigation will shortly take place. Many more dead bodies have been found. The number of killed, it is believed, will reach 200, besides many dreadfully wounded. The flags of the shipping are all at half-mast.

AFFECTING.

The following paragraph occurs in an account of the recent wreck of the barque "Elijah Swift." After relating the escape of the survivors to the rocks, the account says:

The next morning, in searching for fresh water, we found an infant, six weeks old, the son of Mrs. Bailey; it had been washed upon the rocks the morning before, and had remained there twenty-six hours; it was alive, and apparently sustained but little injury; we immediately carried it to the surviving ladies, to whose motherly care it owes its life.

"There is a Providence in the fall of a sparrow."

THE FOREIGN MARKETS.

The commercial advices by the America, are not quite so favorable. Cotton had declined ⅛d. on the common American and Brazil—other descriptions unaltered. Prices of Flour and Corn a shade lower—transactions very limited. American Provisions were quiet, but steady. Iron, no change. In Tobacco, prices have an upward tendency—sales for the month the largest on record. Ladies' anti-chewing and smoking societies have probably been discontinued.

THE CHOLERA.

The Cholera has again made its appearance in the West. Two boats arriving at St. Louis had cases on board—one had 30 cases, of which 17 terminated fatally. The epidemic had broken out above Vicksburg. We trust it is but a transient re-appearance.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 113—adults 59, and children 54.

Miscellaneous.

EFFECTS OF WHITE ASH ON RATTLESNAKES.

We find the following curious account of the effects of the boughs of the white ash upon rattlesnakes, in an exchange paper; but are unable to fix upon its author or locality:

Some time in the month of August, I went with Mr. T. Kirkland and Dr. C. Hutton, then residing at Portland, to the Mahoning, for the purpose of shooting deer, at a place where they were in the habit of coming to the river to feed on the moss attached to the stones in the shoal water. We took our watch station on an elevated part of the bank, fifteen or twenty yards from the edge of the water. About an hour after we had commenced our watch, instead of a deer, we discovered a rattlesnake, which, as it appeared, had left its den in the rocks beneath us, and was advancing across a smooth, narrow sand beach towards the water. It occurred to me that an opportunity now offered to try the virtues of the white ash leaves.

Requesting the gentlemen to keep in my absence, a watch over our object, I went immediately in search of the leaves; and on a piece of low ground, thirty or forty rods back from the river, I soon found, and by the aid of my hunting-knife, procured, a small white ash sapling, eight or ten feet in length, and with these wands returned to the scene of action. In order to cut off a retreat to his den, I approached the snake in his rear.

As soon as I came within seven or eight feet of him, he quickly threw his body into a coil, elevated his head eight or ten inches, and brandishing his tongue, gave note of preparation for combat. I first presented the white ash, placing the leaves upon his body. He instantly dropped his head to the ground, unfolded his coil, rolled over upon his back, writhed and twisted his whole body into every form but that of a coil, and appeared to be in great anguish.

Satisfied with the trial thus far made, I laid by the white ash. The rattlesnake immediately righted, and placed himself in the same menacing attitude as before described. I now presented him the sugar maple. He lanced in a moment, striking his head into a tuft of leaves, "with all the malice of the under fiends," and the next moment coiled and lanced again, darting his whole length at each effort, with the swiftness of an arrow.

After repeating this several times, I again changed his fare, and presented him with the white ash. He immediately doused his peak, stretching himself on his back in the same manner as at the first application. It was then proposed to try what effect might be produced upon his temper and courage, by a little flogging with the white ash. This was administered; but, instead of rousing him to resentment, it served only to increase his troubles.

As the flogging grew severe, the snake frequently stuck his head into the sand as far as he could thrust it, seeming desirous to bore his way into the earth and rid himself of his unwelcome visitors.

Being now convinced that the experiment was a satisfactory one, and fairly conducted on both sides, we deemed it unnecessary to take his life after he had contributed so much to gratify our curiosity; and so we took our leave of the rattlesnake, with feelings as friendly, at least, as those with which we commenced our acquaintance with him, and left him to return at leisure to his den.

MR. CLAY—INTERESTING INCIDENT.—During a brief stop at Uniontown, Pa., during his recent journey to Philadelphia, Mr. Clay being at the residence of Mr. Samuel Y. Campbell, spoke of the great changes in the place since he first knew it. He told this incident that occurred to him in passing through it soon after the passage of the famous Compromise Bill:

He had taken very little part in the passage of that law, but had somehow said, "He found it difficult at the end of the session of Congress to make both ends meet." He was himself travelling with a very plain carriage, and a very ordinary pair of horses, but in company with him were the families of others, having more splendid equipages. In passing through Uniontown, he had gone in advance of the carriages for the purpose of buying some sweetmeats for the children, and was in a shop making the purchase, when the carriages passed it. There was in the store a boy, who, observing the carriages passing, and supposing them to belong to the man who had made this remark, but of whose immediate presence he was entirely ignorant, said "It is no wonder that fellow can't make both ends meet."

Mr. Campbell stood a most attentive listener, immediately facing Mr. Clay, and the instant he concluded, stepped forward and said, "I, sir, am that boy." The effect was electrical. The whole company was convulsed with laughter. Many of them were familiar with the anecdote, for they had, long before, heard it from Mr. Campbell himself. Of course, the revival of the incident of early life, in Mr. Campbell's own parlor, after an interval of thirty years, was as pleasant as it was amusing. The boy and the youthful statesman are both "silvered o'er with age."

☞ "My gracious!" said an urchin in New York, on beholding an English carriage with three footmen in livery, "well if it doesn't take three Britishers to make a nigger."

TO FREDRIKA BREMER.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Welcome from thy dusky Norland,
Daughter of the Vikings bold!
Welcome to the sunny Vineland
Which they sought and found of old!

Soft as lapse of Silga's waters
When the moon of summer shines,
Strong as winter from his mountains
Roaring through the Northern pines,

Swan of Abo! we have listened
To thy saga and thy song,
Till a household joy and gladness
We have known and loved thee long.

By the mansion's marble mantel,
By the log-walled cabin's hearth,
Thy sweet thoughts and Northern fancies
Meet and mingle with our mirth;

And o'er weary spirits keeping
Sorrow's night watch, long and chill,
Shine they like the sun of summer
Over midnight vale and hill.

Sweet eyes smile for us in Norland,
Household forms we love are there;
In their bitter grief of parting
And their bridal joy we share.

We alone are strangers to thee,
Thou our friend and teacher art;
Come and know us as we know thee,
Let us meet thee heart to heart!

To our household homes and altars,
We, in turn, thy steps would lead,
As thy loving hand has led us
O'er the threshold of the Swede.

National Era.

General News.

EXTRAORDINARY MULTIPLICITY OF WIVES AND HUSBANDS.—In the town of West Bradford, Pennsylvania, there is an old church-yard in which stands seven tomb-stones, side by side, covering the remains of the Honorable Nathaniel Thurston and his *six wives*. They stand in order as follows: Mrs. Betsey Thurston, died November 25, 1790, aged 34; Mrs. Martha Thurston, died May 12, 1789, aged 32; Mrs. Huldah Thurston, died September 8, 1801, aged 24; Mrs. Clarissa Thurston, died November 14, 1803, aged 36; Mrs. Martha Thurston, died July 27, 1804, aged 25; Mrs. Mary Thurston, died March 3, 1808, aged 27; Honorable Nathaniel Thurston, died in Lansingburg, New York, October 21, 1811, aged 56.

This case hardly beats a more modern one we knew of, a little nearer home. A deacon in one of our most prominent churches in this city, and his amiable better-half, form a queer instance in matrimony. The deacon is the *fifth husband of the lady*, while the lady is the deacon's *fourth wife!* Beat that, who can.—*Connecticut paper.*

CURIOUS CHALLENGE.—The English papers mention that a curious challenge has been sent, through Mr. Charles Greville, to the English turf, on the part of the Pacha of Egypt,—and by Mr. Greville communicated to the Jockey Club.—"Mr. Murray states," says Mr. Greville, "that his highness, the Pacha, is convinced that his Arab horses are superior to our English race horses over a length of ground, and he proposes to test their relative merits by a match to be run in Egypt; the distance to be ten miles,—the stake to be £10,000, which he thinks, if desired, might be increased to £15,000. No limitation as to age or weight. He concludes by saying, that if there is a disposition here to make the match, he will proceed to adjust the preliminaries."

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.—So rapidly is the native population diminishing, that the probability is, that by the end of the next ten or fifteen years, scarcely a native will be found on the Islands. Indeed, one of the oldest resident physicians there, has expressed the opinion that this result will be realized within the next five years. Four-fifths of the population have disappeared since the visit of Capt. Cook, a period of seventy years, and about one-fifth of the remnant have died within the last year. The missionaries estimate the number of deaths during the past year at ten thousand, or more than one-tenth of the whole population. A majority of the infants born were among the victims. The present population of the Islands is about eighty thousand.

STATE TARIFF CONVENTION.—In accordance with a widely circulated call, a Convention of citizens of New Jersey, interested in manufactures, was held at Trenton on Wednesday week, and a series of resolutions were adopted, to the effect that the Tariff of 1846 had proved an utter failure; that to continue it was to keep the doors of the factories of New Jersey shut; that the State's Delegation in Congress be urged to secure a wise modification of the measure, and that an address to the people of New Jersey, setting forth the views of the Convention, be prepared and published. The Convention was large, and composed of many of the most influential citizens of the State.

CALIFORNIA MARRIAGE CONTRACT.—A private letter from a gentleman at San Francisco, to his friend in New York, says:

"I have been, as you know, over eight years in California, and am yet unmarried. My friend, Mr. C———, has lately left for Scotland, and I have given him a commission to bring me out a wife of the following description: not less than six feet, blue eyes and auburn hair. I am either to marry her or pay a forfeit of $10,000. I do hope, as soon as the country is a little more settled, about ten thousand first rate girls will start for California; we have goods enough and gold enough; now give us some wives."

SERMONS.—A question has arisen in Paisley, Scotland, as to whether sermons openly delivered in public are copy-right property—which will probably come before the Courts for decision.—The facts of the case are of the ordinary kind. A reporter makes notes of a sermon and announces it for publication. The preacher enters his demurrer; and the intending publisher intimating his intention to persist, an interdict has been applied for and granted—preventing the issue of the work until the legal right shall have been tested. Questions of great interest to the reading world hang on the issue.

COMMUNISM DEFINED.—"The other day," says the Constitutionnel, "a workman was declaiming in the midst of a group, against Communism.—One of the group said, 'you talk against Communism, and you do not even know what it is.'—The workman said nothing in reply at first, but taking off his blouse he tore it into fragments, and, after giving a portion to each of the persons present, he said:—'Communism, my friends, has for its object to make of what may be very useful to one person a collection of morsels which are useful to nobody.'"

RATHER DOUBTFUL.—The New York Express says, a gentleman residing at Worcester, Mass., who arrived from California in the Empire City, steamer, gives a melancholy picture of affairs in California, and predicts that the next steamer will bring intelligence of a general smash up there.—Property, he says, is tumbling down, wages are reduced, and hundreds of persons are begging for chances to work their passage home in the steamers, guaranteeing, at the same time, to pay their passage after their arrival here.

ALABAMA COAL.—The Chief Engineer and the Commander of the the British Steamship Dee, have given a certificate that 106 tons of Tuscaloosa coal is equal to the best Welsh, with which that vessel used to be furnished in the West Indies.—This is very important information to the Alabamians,—Mobile will soon be a great entrepot for British vessels trading, by the New Navigation Regulations, between the West Indies and the United States.

CALIFORNIA CONVENTION.—The California Convention is composed of persons from the following States: From New York, 7; Maryland, 5; Kentucky, 4; Ohio, 3; New Jersey, 3; Connecticut, 2; Vermont, 2; Virginia, 2; Massachusetts, 2. Tennessee, Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, Indiana, Missouri, Maine, each have one, and the remainder are from California, Ireland, France, &c. In the whole number there are 14 lawyers and two physicians.

COMPARATIVE FORCES.—The Russian fleet in the Black Sea consists of 13 sail of the line, 8 frigates, and 12 smaller vessels, and about 25 steamships. The Ottoman fleet at Constantinople consists of 9 ships of the line, 3 frigates and a few steamers. The French consists of 6 sail of the line, and 2 frigates, and that of Admiral Parker of 7 line-of-battle ships and 1 frigate.

TREASURE IN MAINE.—The Augusta (Me.) Banner states that a farmer in the vicinity of Lubec, in that State, while ploughing in his field, struck against a box containing no less than $30,000 in doubloons. It is not known how the treasure came there.

PEDDLING TOMBSTONES.—A man is engaged in the business of peddling tombstones in Northampton county, Pa. He has a wagon-load of ready-made articles with him, only wanting the names, and stops at the houses by the wayside to inquire for customers.

Clippings.

CATTLE MARKETS.

ALMANAC.

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

Marriages.

Deaths.

OUR MAIL RECEIPTS.

NEW YORK MARKETS, NOV. 17.

Bank Note List.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

LADY'S BOOK FOR 1850.

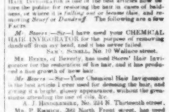
GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK

HOLDEN'S ILLUSTRATED DOLLAR MAGAZINE.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE FOR JANUARY, 1850.

SARTAIN'S UNION MAGAZINE,

STORRS' CHEMICAL



HAIR INVIGORATOR.

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Selected Poetry.

FROM SARTAIN'S MAGAZINE.

OUR BEAUTIFUL DEAD.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

They have torn up the turf where the woodmen lay,
Hushed in the decay of a winter's day,
That the human sun center in glimpses down,
Like the cold, bright rays from a diamond crown;
They have hacked the rude earth with spade and axe,
For our baby boy—for our beautiful dead.
The flowers were midway in the cold, moist earth,
When the winds were sharp, and the insect mirth
That fills the air in the summer time
Had passed away with the blossoms' prime;
The naked boughs swayed to and fro,
With a shuddering thrill and a whispering low,
The frozen leaves were in many a drift,
As they laid our beautiful down to sleep.
They laid him down so still and fair,
And sighed to leave him so lonely there,
With the new cut grass, and the leafless trees,
And a whispered wail on the wintry breeze!
Alas! my boy—my cold blind wail
Is a sad exchange for the downy nest
Of his mother's bosom, where day by day,
Like a tendrils had striven to young his form.
The willows are soft and the curtain's fold
Love to sharp touch of the winter's cold
Visit her closely; but kitchen and care
Are bearing around her everywhere.
Yet her heart grows faint with a yearning thrill
As she thinks of the grave in the graveyard hill.
When this weary time has passed at length,
And the spring has given the earth strength,
When the cold still trees that seem as dead
With the frost of forces are kindled red,
When the empty buds begin to swell
Till each spring breath they yearn to tell,
Thy mother then, of her we inspired,
Will seek for the spot where they laid her child.
Oh, I will not seem like a funeral task
When the way is bright and the earth in bloom,
When the bought above flow are clothed in green,
And the bushes are blue with violet sheen,
When the corner wild flowers spring up again
With a golden tint on each creeping vine,
Ah, then, my child, I can send thy bed,
And deem like the flowers, that we are not dead.
Oh, my life has yielded its dearest joy,
And a bud has perished upon my heart,—
That bud is thine—is mine and mine!
But another flower is known in heaven!

AFFLICTIONS.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Let us be patient. These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume the dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors;
Amid these earthly damps
What seems to us like fire, transmutes to gold
Our trials and our cramps.

Behind the frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.
He wounds with kindness,
Only that his love may be unknown,
Until the heart, by wisdom rent,
Reveals the seed long pent,
Which only grief can sow,
And which can germinate and grow
But in the rain of tears,
And rays of sunshine that succeed.

Selected Articles.

SHAKSPEARE AND SCOTT.

It is curious to consider that William Shakspeare and Walter Scott—men whose works constitute the Corinthian capitals of the English language, so to speak, and whose renown is a proplasmont to their excellence, should care less about fame than money—and labor more to make their homestead gods respectable, than to serve an unsympathizing posterity. Shakspeare, in particular, seemed utterly careless of his fame; so much so, that the preservation or loss of what he wrote appeared to us a marvellously even chance. He generally took an old story that struck his fancy, or an old play which he thought he could make something of, and set about dramatizing the one, and vamping and patching the other. In the way he used to pour the poems and songsbird of his glowing genius over obscure themes; and when the drama was to be enacted, give it up to the green-room, and go to look after the receipts. It was only after his death that his plays were collected, and published by Heminage and Condell, from the green-room copies—some of them in manuscript, and a few in print—almost all full of typographical errors, corrections and so forth. This were the "Dolphin Leaf" of Shakspeare saved from the muck; but in the sweetheartly, in which the departed genius had bequeathed all his literary effects, it has been considered that the last editor bound up with Shakspeare's frames, some that are not his. There's an *Apocrypha* in Shakspeare, too.

For several years before his death, in the prime of his life, Shakspeare left the stage, and the players and his plays behind him, and came down with money in his pockets to his native Stratford, on the river Avon. There he purchased an estate, built and tilled, and began to enjoy the respectability of life: there he—about to bury all remembrance of his connection with the stage and drama, and to live like a gentleman surrounded by his messengers and maids!

"Mr. Shakspeare" where are the printed plays and the manuscripts? Posterity is waiting for the invaluable literary treasure! England is waiting to be eternally proud of a genius which in its power and beauty shall rival the combined excellences of" Euclydes and Euripides! What do you mean? But he is building a barn, and is thinking of" the stables, orchards, gardens, landbeneficiments whatsoever, situated, lying and being in Stratford-upon Avon, Shakspeare, and Welcome" to Susanna, his daughter Susanna, that is to be married in a few days to Mr. Hall; what has he more to say to posterity? copper and such things!

Shakspeare considered the life he led in London, while he was attached to the theatre and writing his plays, as disreputable, and to be shirked over. In his Sonnets, we find some expressions of regret for the manner in which fortune obliged him to occupy himself. He says:

Alas, 'tis true I have gone here and there
And made myself a vassalry to the scene,
Unwisely my desires, that have shut in most dear
Made vile offensive of offensive name,
Alas, 'tis true.

Oh, for my sake do you with fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my accord deeds,
That did me better for my life provide
Than public measures which public manners breed.
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand.
And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works, like the dyer's hand!

From the above we may plainly conclude that Shakspeare as a well young fellow in his early days, as Lucio says, in Measure for Measure, "I would do drink, too"—and often "heard the clamors at midnight," with Falstaff and Mallow. It will also be seen that he carried his caterpillar soul and foot fleeing with him, even after those times, and that they overmaster retarded him for the reverberations of that higher and better time. It may be for these irregularities, accompanying the tenor of his dramatic life, that he wished to forget the events of his connection with the stage. Here his indifference to what he had written, and his literary name is remarkable. In the case cherry poise that he did not know the high desert a few works. Every allowing for his common-sense that he took the plains and stories of other people and clothed or improved them, he still seems so prostrated to account for such a neglect of them. But as it was; he turned his back upon his dramatic popularity, and got him no more, which he doubtless wished his posterity should preserve.

Sir Walter Scott is another instance of comparative indifference to great fame. He cruised into he knew a name which should illustrate the characters of Great Britain, then to found a family and build a home among those of his clan and name. He was grander of being the author of Abbotsford, than of Waverley, and wished himself the more on his relationship to the old ravens and heroes of the Scottish borders than on the heroical creations of Jeanie Deans, Dominie Dinmont, Bailie Nicol Jarvie, or the Baron of Bradwardine. With the humility of Cervantes and of Burns, he was ashamed how he venerated his calling—taking assertion. The rapidity with which he poured out his novels and romances, and after the order, did not allow easy remedy of reserve; he knew that he was turning honest into gold, and that was he secured his splendid indolency. Every chapter of a novel was sold before it was written—and in the rising house at Abbotsford. The future fame of what he was writing was the last thing that came into his harassing vision and head of care. And after he had become bankrupt, and Abbotsford was encumbered, with all that implied, he still labored like the most accomplished—but had no passion that he could call his own.

Coleridge said that his poetry was its own exceeding great reward: very different in that respect from the two we have been considering. In those cases of Shakspeare and Scott, we do not well know how to distinguish the ancestry of the manager of the theatre and the novel writer, from that quality which we are accustomed to designate as avaricious people. Rich engaged people and the highest pursuits of the intellect in the task of winning that world's gear—whose they made the end and aim of their lives. Indeed, we have seen Scott's thirst of gold very severely condemned. Perhaps Shakspeare's plagiarism and his hasty transcription of dramatic sentiment to stand, was also severely criticised in his day. Nevertheless, we shrink from anything like imputating a sordid motive to those mighty minds. We can, perhaps, explain the matter sufficiently, by saying that the members of home and friendship, and the natural pride of life weighed more with Shakspeare and Scott than the thought of that fame—the voice of renown and honor which could have no power to "provoke their silent dust?" And there may be an excellent philosophy in it, too. Let the old fellow—"his eye in a fine frenzy rolling"—(a Greek, we are sorry) hide from your him sit, woo to drink, and not keep it to pour upon his urn. Virgil, in Cupe, (at least this poem is attributed to him,) says:

Quam quisque suorum arte bene cessit sera
Asse conveniat rebus sua quemque domus,

and the French lyrist, Sprauger, in the same spirit, and employing the same idea, exclaims:

Si pour moi les neuf sœurs font naître un beau livre
Mieux vaut je vous le dis, coupons vivant.

Which means that it would be more to the purpose to supply the proclaimer and flowers in existence, than that they should be scattered on one's coffin. The sentiment is common to a thousand other passages of prose and poetry.

Shakspeare and Scott disregarded fame, or made it a secondary consideration, and that merely object might be attained. But Fate spurts with the same and effects of mankind. As Burns says:

The best laid schemes of mice and men
Gang aft a-gley,
And leave us nought but care and pain
For promised joy.

There more, or these names, only inherit what they had on little more where by—and that alone a literary fame; "the most the powers dispensed to mortal are." Shakspeare had no son, and his name, of course, was soon forgotten. Walter Scott had children; but after seventy years or so, his property had passed out of his family, and that of—

Poor Sir Walter Scott had Abbotsford redeemed from his creditors by the nation, and presented to his son—Sir Walter Scott—provided with a colonel of a cavalry regiment in the British service. Colonel Scott succeeded to property that he inherited since his father's death; and he, on whom his father had chiefly relied, for the perpetuation of his name and house, died last year in Indiana—on his way from it. Abbotsford belongs no longer to the name of Scott. It has ceased to be the grand-child of old Sir Walter—Mr. Lockhart, one of the husbands of the Sapphic Scholar, and the biographer of Scott.

The Fates were probably unwilling that these names should owe anything to "the beggarly elements of this world," and therefore took these all away and disinherited them utterly, leaving the immortality of Shakspeare and Scott as bare as that of the beggar, Lazarus, in rags.

There is a curious,—perhaps an unpercipient—moral in such matters as these, we think.—*Boston Museum.*

FLINT SOUP.

"Now, Mary," said my husband, "when we were first married, I must lay by for coal, and for the time of scarcity, and provide for the increase of my family, and for you to make the best use of for our supply through the week. But mind you do not run in debt, and have always a fresh loaf in the house before you cut the last. We cannot afford to eat new bread." I got things very comfortably, and as I thought, very frugally; but the next Friday evening, after coming home from the market, he—What must we do? the money is all gone, and we have nothing in the house for to-morrow's dinner. I am sure I have made it go as far as I could." My husband was very kind; he found no fault, but only said he could have some flint soup for dinner. He seized if there was bread in the house. "Yes," I said, "a whole loaf and a piece."—"That's well," he said, "and perhaps you have a little cornmeal or flour?" "There is a little," I said again, and plenty of butter and eggs, and milk also." So he washed a couple of flints very clean, put them into a saucepan of water, and covered and a carrot or two. When the roots were tender he put in the meal, and some pepper and salt, and parsley and thyme, and a piece of nice bacon bread, and I assure you we had a good dinner. "But what was the use of the flints?" you will say, "and why not call it herb porridge?" That's what I should have ordered and understood at first; but my matters were much the same, so we agreed contentedly dined on flint soup.

In the course of the week, having picked some bones of meat, I was going to throw them away, when the thought struck me, that as I had just chopped up and put in the soup, they would give more or much goodness as flint. My husband thought so, too, so we tried, and found very gratifying improved the soup, and from that time we never wanted a bone; and in the course of the year we found the money laid out for Saturday's dinner, and for supplying a table in the fire, at least was pleased when we got into this course; and we were thoroughly settled in frugal habits, and not before, we told me the real use of flints in the soup. "There are two things," said he, "which I have always observed in my travels. A Hindoo living here contented upon the refuse of the ruin of many poor people—bits and scans. Indeed, they can't afford to throw away anything. I never could always to keep bread in the house, and to live on bread and water, rather than run in debt. A Frenchman, with his frugal and thinking habits, I set myself to make it into soup; for I thought, if a Hindoo could live on the refuse, I could not scratch the liquor, it might sharpen my wit that the meanest use of any thing that could." I believe," continued the good woman, "it was in sharpen my wits rather than his own; and I am very glad making flint soup was the means of my husband's learning to be economical."—*From the Family Economist.*

☞ It is now found out that in Russia, oats are used because wheels have a revolutionary tendency.

Science and Art.

PLANETARY SYSTEM, AS IT IS NOW UNDERSTOOD.

Sir J. Herschell has lately expressed his opinion, that it is impossible any longer to attempt to explain some of the movements or all the bodies by simple reference to the principles laid down in the Newtonian theory—these comets, with their dark, portentous forms, rush on the sun, then, ging sadly our systematic views. Nor are there other difficulties in the way of explaining the motions or the distances of the planets from the central body around which they revolve, and their absolute magnitudes, masses or densities, eccentricities and inclinations of orbit and of axis. We know that the planets are divided into two classes, the one the Earth or Venus, inferior to them in magnitude, density and less than Jupiter, and much larger than Uranus. The zone of the intermediate planets, which are so accumulated in the small density of all the colossal planets, commencing from the sun, comes next Jupiter, the greatest in size of all the planetary bodies. Saturn, similar in the small density of all the colossal planets, comes next Jupiter, but, yet subject in this respect can we recognize any regular succession. Uranus appears to be denser than Saturn, and Neptune than either, going on denser still but little from each other in this particular. Between the orbits Venus and Mars lies those that is may be for these irregularities, accompanying the tenor of his dramatic life, that he wished to forget the events of his connection with the stage. Here his indifference to what he had written, and his literary name is remarkable. In the case cherry poise that he did not know the high desert a few works. Every allowing for his common-sense that he took the plains and stories of other people and clothed or improved them, he still seems so prostrated to account for such a neglect of them. But as it was; he turned his back upon his dramatic popularity, and got him no more, which he doubtless wished his posterity should preserve.

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Wit and Humor.

HOW DO YOU SPELL "TURNER?"

"Mr. Reed," said a Mr. Turner, one day, to a friend, with whom he had been conversing, "I have just been thinking that your name is about as changeable as any I know."

"Why, how many ways of spelling it are there?"

"Reed, Rede, Read, Read, Reade, Weede, Wreede and I don't know how many more—ha, ha! I am glad my name is not Reed."

"Not quite so fast, Mr. T., you have little to boast of in your own name. I can inflict to think you will find it undergoes as many varieties as my friend's name."

"Impossible!" ejaculated Mr. Turner. "Turner, turner, turner, Turner; how otherwise, pray, can you spell it?"

"We shall see," said Mr. R., "in the first place you may spell it—Tarner."

"But on what ground do you use the ?"

"For the reason that you use your own letters. Then in *Thomas, Thomey, &c.* If *Th* represents the sound of *T* in *Thomas*, why not in *Turner*, or rather *Tharner*?"

"Well, this is but one change; what others can you show me?"

"Oh, several. You are not, perhaps, aware, that the sound of *u* in *Tur*, and that of *e*, in *ner*, are each represented by various vowels in our language, as well as by several combinations; thus, *u* as in *Tur*—*e* in *ner*—*ir* in *firm*—*ur* in *burn*—*ear* in *learn*, &c.; and the *e* as in *ney*, by *ewster, earth, silk, myrtle, &c.* Then, we may legitimately and correctly spell your name Tharner, Thorney, Turney, Thernir, Thurnir, Thurnyer, Thorney, Thurnyr, Thurnyer, Tharnyer, Thurnyr, Thurnyer, Thurnyer, Thurnyer